

THE COMET.

Twenty-Fourth Year.

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907.

Whole Number 1204

The Dodging Period

of a woman's life is the name often given to "change of life." Your menses come at long intervals, and grow scantier until they stop. The change lasts three or four years, and causes much pain and suffering, which can, however, be cured, by taking

WINE OF CARDUI

Woman's Refuge in Distress

It quickly relieves the pain, nervousness, irritability, miserableness, fainting, dizziness, hot and cold flashes, weakness, tired feeling, etc. Cardui will bring you safely through this "dodging period," and build up your strength for the rest of your life. Try it.

You can get it at all druggists in \$1.00 bottles.

"EVERYTHING BUT DEATH"
A sufferer, writes Virginia Robson, of Easton, Md., "until I took Cardui, which cured me so quickly it surprised my doctor, who didn't know I was taking it."

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law

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Office—Brown building.
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"ALLRIGHT" BARBERSHOP
LOCATED IN THE CITY HOTEL
HOT AND COLD BATHS
CLEAN TOWELS FOR CUSTOMERS
MASSAGE A SPECIALTY

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE
J. A. ANKROM

MORE WOMEN TRAMPS

HOMELESS FEMALES BECOMING NUMEROUS IN CHICAGO.

Travel From Police Station to Police Station Begging Food and Shelter—Many are Wanderers From Chicago.

Chicago.—Women tramps are becoming numerous in Chicago. Nearly every night the desk sergeants in the various police stations are called upon by feminine wanderers for a night's lodging, and at some of the stations, notably those on Harrison and Maxwell streets, hardly a night or day passes without a visit from one or more of these homeless women.

The woman tramp seldom allows herself to be seen on the streets during the day. Unlike her brothers in the calling, she is not permitted to loaf around the cheap saloons between begging excursions, and for that reason not much is known about her. Occasionally she is arrested on a charge of intoxication or some minor complaint and then, at her hearing in the courts, the police learn that she is a tramp and that she has no visible means of support.

Some of the women who make a business of tramping impose largely on the Salvation army and the Volunteers of America. Denied the privilege of loafing about saloons, they go to the various headquarters of the "Sal" and "Vol," as these organizations are known to the underworld, and there they make a pretense of wanting to work. While the army officers are seeking employment for them they put in their time at light work about the headquarters, and once in a while they confess that the germ of religious enthusiasm has taken hold of them. After this they attend the street meetings which give them the right to wear the army uniform. This, they have learned from experience, is a big asset when they resume their private begging expeditions.

To nearly every police station in the city there is attached a character known as the station tramp. In some instances she is a woman, and these women tell so many and plausible stories concerning their origin that nobody knows where they come from or what they do for a living when they are not at the station. In the winter, especially, these women frequent the police stations in the hope of securing a night's lodging or a bite to eat. Some of them have been detected making the rounds of the stations, stopping at one place one night and moving on to another station the next. As there are more than 40 stations in the city, it is easily possible for them to make the entire round and then, by the time they appear at the first one again, they will have been forgotten.

No one is allowed to stay more than one night in the stations, and none is allowed even that privilege if there is any chance to get her over to the municipal lodging house. Concerning these women the night waiters in the restaurants along South Clark and State streets know more than the police. Rarely do they go through a night's work without a visit from one of these women, who, by the repetition of some pitiful story, usually is repaid by a bite to eat.

The Chicago police say that women tramps frequent the small towns more than the larger cities. In the rural communities their requests for food and clothing meet with more ready response than they do in the cities, and for that reason they take to the road. Their traveling they do on foot, except in some instances where they ride on passenger trains until the conductor puts them off, or in still rarer cases, where they travel on freight trains disguised as men. The woman tramp, however, is not much on traveling for any great distance. Usually she confines her operations to a radius of a few miles. In that circle she usually is able to wear her victims from enough money to carry her to that "husband in a distant town," who is unable to send for her and where she would have been long ago had not sickness and misfortune handicapped her so greatly.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN?

There is probably no one in Tennessee who would not be glad to see the old friends, acquaintances and relatives that have departed, and are now living in some other part of this country. This paper will therefore take pleasure in publishing the names of all former Tennesseans now living elsewhere, and to all names so published a handsome invitation will be sent to return to Tennessee and to their old home during the Tennessee Home-Coming Week, Sept. 23 to 28. The cheap rates which will be made for this occasion will embrace a period of thirty days, so that all home-comers may have an opportunity to visit their old homes, besides taking in the general celebration in Nashville during the State Fair.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Doan's Regulator. Ask your druggist for them. 25c a box.

WALKS AROUND THE WORLD.

Mossel Says He's Escaped From Lions and the Russians.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Henri Vincent Mossel, a doughty little Frenchman, carrying a double barreled shotgun, a belt full of shells, and attired in a fantastic walking suit, sauntered into Santa Barbara the other afternoon. He said that he was a member of the Touring club of France and that, with other tourists, representing that organization and the Sportsman's club of England, he had started in a walking competition to tour the world, without a cent of money and with absolutely no hope of getting any except by earning it en route.

Mossel has toured through Europe, Asia, Africa and other parts of the world, and is now on his way across the United States with something like eight months in which to complete his journey and win a wager of \$10,000, he says. Death and "cold feet" have eliminated from the contest all but the plucky Frenchman and an Englishman named George Moss, who, the visitor stated, was somewhere in the East Indies, and far behind in the unique race for a fortune. The event started June 14, 1904.

Mossel has faced death several times. Once, when an African lion treed him; again when captured by Chinese pirates; a third time when arrested as a Japanese spy in Russia, where he spent 45 days in prison, finally being released; and lastly when a tiger trailed him in Indo-China.

Mossel bears an album filled with the seals and signatures of rulers and potentates all over the world, which are evidence of his passage through these countries. He expects to start for Washington after a few days, where he hopes to obtain recognition from President Roosevelt.

WOULD SELL FARM FOR AUTO.

Farmer Wanted His Pretty Housekeeper to Have Buzz Wagon.

Worcester, Mass.—Because the pretty married housekeeper for a wealthy young Spencer farmer had her eye on an automobile and because the aforesaid farmer had advertised to sell his fine farm at auction to gratify her desire to scoot around the country in a chug-chug wagon, the overseers of the poor at Spencer did a most unheard-of thing. They applied for a guardian over him, fearing the young farmer would, in a short time, come to them for care and assistance. The farmer consents to a guardian being appointed over him.

The farmer is William N. Guilford, the pretty housekeeper and mother of a daughter is Mrs. Mabel E. Thompson and the conservator is Attorney Jere R. Kane.

He has decided to let the sale go on as advertised by Guilford, only he will see that none of the money realized is spent for the purchase of an automobile.

Mrs. Thompson has nursed the automobile idea for a long time, and, according to discovery by Attorney Kane, Guilford has for some weeks been supplying a Worcester automobile dealer named Brunell with poultry and eggs, which were being accepted as part payment for the automobile.

Guilford was trying to expedite matters and pull off an auction sale when the hard-hearted overseers of the poor butted in and spoiled the plans of himself and his pretty housekeeper, who says they are "crool, crool skinflints."

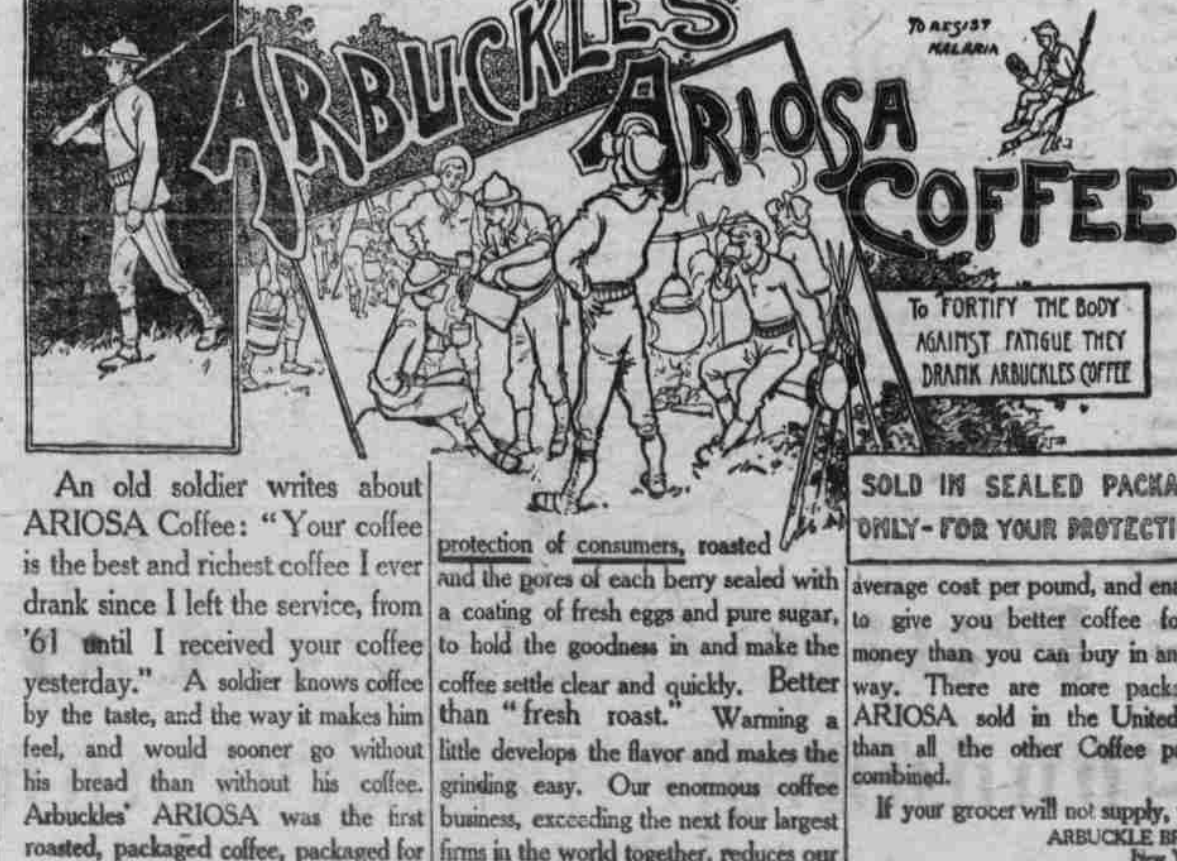
The Fear of Death

Often hantts the miserable, dyspeptic, bilious patient, who suffers from heart palpitations, chronic cough, melancholy, nervousness, headache, colic, constipation, etc. No need to fear, for in Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin, you will find a safe, pleasant and perfect cure, for all this pain, distress, and worry. It clears the brain, purifies the blood and cures all forms of indigestion and bowel trouble. Try it. Sold by all Druggists at 50c and \$1.00 Money back if it fails.

GRIP-IT:

the cold-cure that does the work in 8 hours, and will not make you sick. Try it.

Complies with all requirements of the National Pure Food Law, Guarantee No. 2041, filed at Washington.



ARBUCKLE'S ARIOSIA COFFEE

To FORTIFY THE BODY AGAINST FATIGUE THEY DRINK ARBUCKLE'S COFFEE

SOLD IN SEALED PACKAGES ONLY - FOR YOUR PROTECTION

average cost per pound, and enables us to give you better coffee for your money than you can buy in any other way. There are more packages of ARIOSIA sold in the United States than all the other Coffee packages combined.

If your grocer will not supply, write to ARBUCKLE BROS., New York City.

An old soldier writes about ARIOSIA Coffee: "Your coffee is the best and richest coffee I ever drank since I left the service, from '61 until I received your coffee yesterday." A soldier knows coffee by the taste, and the way it makes him feel, and would sooner go without his bread than without his coffee. Arbuckle's ARIOSIA was the first roasted, packaged coffee, packaged for

LEAVE CHURCH TO LYNCH MAN.

Worshippers Rush from Pews and Hang Negro Who Killed Policeman.

Crisfield, Md.—The residents of this place rushed out of churches the other morning to aid in the lynching of James Reed, a half-breed negro, who murdered James H. Daugherty, a policeman. Daugherty had arrested a friend of Reed for selling liquor. Reed followed the officer and shot him through the head.

The slayer seized a bicycle and fled to the bay, where he stole a boat and tried to sail across to the Virginia shore. The absence of the boat was discovered early next morning, and the steamboat Altirell went in pursuit. Reed was found becalmed nearly halfway across the bay. He leaped into the water and tried to drown himself, but was dragged aboard with boat hooks. Bound to a post, he talked coolly about his crime and the prospect of his being saved from lynching.

When the boat returned here a great crowd was waiting. The boat steamed about for half an hour waiting for the crowd to disperse, and then 100 deputies having been sworn in to preserve order, the murderer was landed. "He had hardly reached the foot of the gang plank when the mob made a rush for him and dragged him out of the hands of the officers. He was beaten and kicked almost to death and then dragged through the streets to the scene of his crime and hanged to a telegraph pole.

A coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the lynching was done by parties unknown.

Dilemma for a Carnegie.

Painesville, Pa.—Peter Carnegie, Sr., a cousin of Andrew Carnegie, is in a dilemma. He built a boat in the cellar of his house, but when it was completed he found that he could not get it out of the cellar. Now he is thinking seriously of tearing his house down to get the boat out. It required months to build the vessel, and now he finds it is too big to take up stairs and it won't go through the window. Carnegie says the boat has many possibilities, and he is anxious to give it a trial.

REMOVE APPENDIX LATEST.

Wives of Rich Pittsburgers Have New Society Fad.

Pittsburg.—That Pittsburg society women have developed a morbid fad in having their vermiform appendix removed and that the amputation has become so much of a vogue as to have reached, when the operation climbed to \$1,000, and the damsel was knocked down to the old veteran, who is at the festival with his wife and family of a dozen or so children.

The girl who was sold for \$1,000 was secured by a young Indian who was looking for a wife. Some months ago these auctions were reported to the Dominion officials at Ottawa, and it was declared that energetic steps were being taken to suppress them, but from latest accounts it appears that nothing has been done to stamp out the evil.

Waits 42 Years for Pay.

Carmel, Ill.—After waiting for more than 40 years for back pay due him for services rendered in the civil war, John F. Eddings, who lives near Luka, has received a voucher from the war department for \$26.19.

At first Eddings could not understand why the amount had been sent him, as he had long ago forgotten the claim. He was first lieutenant in company I, Illinois volunteers.

There was no accompanying note to explain why so long a time had elapsed without the money being sent.

Knights of Pythias Endowment Rank

Insurance Commissioner Folk has received an opinion from Attorney General Cates sustaining his contention that the endowment rank, Knights of Pythias, fifth class, providing for term insurance and surrender values in paid up insurance, could not be operated in Tennessee under the state's fraternal laws.

HOT WATER BAG INCUBATOR.

Kansas Woman Finds Novel Mother for Her Chickens.

Wichita, Kas.—The hot water bag, that modern pain reliever and balm to cold feet, has come into a new and unique use here in Wichita. It has

taken a vacation from its pathological field and invaded the poultry business.

Mrs. Waller had the hen and the hen wanted to set, so Mrs. Waller bought a setting of fancy barred Plymouth Rock eggs, and the hen went to work in that determined way hens have. All went merry until one morning she found that the hen had sickened and died.

Here was a desperate situation. She didn't want to buy an incubator to save 14 eggs; she didn't want to lose the eggs. Then she thought of the hot water bag.

She rigged up a light framework to keep the weight of the rubber bag off the eggs. Then she filled the bag with hot water and put in the eggs, keeping a careful watch over the temperature.

Only one other thing was necessary, and that was some one to get up at two o'clock in the morning to put in more hot water. Mrs. Waller selected Mr. Waller for the job.

Crows Like a Rooster.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. Josie Adlington, of 1041 East Third street, was in the juvenile court complaining about the way one of the neighbors cares for his children.

"That father gets drunk," she said. "How drunk does he get?" Judge Goodrich asked.

"Awful drunk."

"What does he do?"

"Well, one thing he does when he gets awful drunk is to run up and down the alley and crow like a rooster."

SELLING INDIAN GIRLS.

Beautiful Ones Auctioned Off to Highest Bidder.

Revelote, B. C.—Fourteen hundred dollars was the price paid for an Indian girl, nine years old, at a big potlatch at Albert Bay. Another maiden, about 18 years old, who evidently had white blood in her veins, brought \$1,000 on the open market. The money in both cases went into the general fund of the potlatch.

Two thousand Timpaneans are in the gathering, and, judging from the piles of \$20 gold pieces, blankets, furs and other articles, \$30,000 has been donated to the general fund.

There was a touch of romance in the sale of the nine-year-old Indian girl. Two warriors had journeyed far in their canoes to get the much coveted beauty. One was a grizzled old warrior and the other a youth, selecting a wife for the first time. Bids for the girl went up steadily, and at last the limit for the youth was reached, when the quotation climbed to \$1,000, and the damsel was knocked down to the old veteran, who is at the festival with his wife and family of a dozen or so children.

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DROPS FIRE IN U. S. MAIL BOX.

Small Boy Sets Fire to Letters in the Nation's Capital.

Washington.—If the citizens in the vicinity of Eleventh and C streets, northeast, fail to get receipts for checks they mailed, or in case they do not receive answers to certain letters, let them not say "thief" or blame the post office department, for the contents of a mail box in that locality were burned.

About 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon a splendidly bad little boy in that neighborhood, who is not known, extracted a handful of matches from his mother's kitchen. He had great sport scratching them on the wall for a while, but that palled on him. Then he tried lighting them with his teeth, but the sulphur was found to be indigestible, and he began burning paper, but he was chased away by good little boys.

At last, impelled by some strange freak, he lighted several of the matches in true Irish fashion, and, after giving the flames a good start within his hands, dropped them in a letter box. He waited a moment, then dropped some more, and after a while a few more. As the first curls of smoke issued forth the mischievous youngster ran away.

The smoke attracted the attention of Guy Neelee, a druggist at Eleventh and C streets, who extinguished the fire, but not until 20 letters had been destroyed. No arrests have been made.

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?

The ties of home are the most sacred of earthly existence. They are too often sundered, and this paper will make the effort to reunite many broken bonds early in the fall. To all persons of Tennessee birth now living out of the State we will cause to be sent a handsome invitation to return to their native hearth, if their names are sent to us at once. These invitations will be sent with the compliments of the Tennessee State Fair Association to all former Tennesseans whose names appear in this paper, and we will take pleasure in publishing all names that are furnished to us by the people of this community. Special railroad rates will be made for home-comers to all points in the State, as well as to the general home-coming in Nashville during the week of the State Fair, Sept. 23 to 28.

FORTUNE IN GROUND

FORTY-NINER BURIES WEALTH, THEN DIES.

Ohioan Who Had No Faith in the Security of Banks Makes His Farm a Place of Mystery and Treasure.

Findlay, O.—It is reported here that there is approximately \$20,000 hidden somewhere on a farm in Putnam county, near Ottawa. William Nemeyer, who owned the farm, died one month ago, and those in charge of his estate, so it is reported, are unable to find any money of consequence, although it was known he had a snug fortune.

Mr. Nemeyer came from Muskingum county to Putnam county in the early '30s and settled in the wilderness. When gold was discovered in California in 1849 he made the overland journey in a prairie schooner. Although a man of little education, he was shrewd and by his careful management was able to return in a few years with enough to give him a start in life. He purchased land and converted it from a wilderness into one of the finest farms in the county.

It is said that Mr. Nemeyer never believed in banks, and consequently kept his money in his own possession. Under these conditions he naturally was secretive, and the members of his own family never knew how much he had.

Twenty years ago his relatives discovered that he was hiding his money at various places on the farm. Mr. Nemeyer one day went to the woods near his home and returned very much worried and gave up his secret. He had gone to his safe, which consisted of two sugar troughs placed together and buried several feet underground, and found the contents of the safe thoroughly soaked.

This condition had existed so long that the paper money was badly moldy, some of it so badly that it could hardly be restored to its original condition. When the money was thoroughly dried there was found to be over \$1,000 in the roll.

Friends could not induce Mr. Nemeyer to put his money in the banks. It disappeared again as quickly as it had been found and no one knew where it had gone.

During the last 20 years Mr. Nemeyer was quite successful in business, and those who claim to know say he had at least \$20,000 at the time of his death. There never was any extravagance in the family, it is said, and where the money is hidden is a profound mystery to all concerned. Some fear it is hidden somewhere under unfavorable conditions and will be ruined before found.

It is reported that the administrator will have nothing to distribute but the proceeds from the real and personal property.

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OLD THREAT IS FULFILLED.

W. S. Stratton's Determination to Buy Denver Hotel Recalled.

Denver, Col.—When the estate of W. S. Stratton bought in the Brown Palace hotel at sheriff's sale the other day, the last chapter was written in a story which had its inception 14 years ago in the lobby of the hostelry which changed hands.

Stratton, who was an irascible man, did something which caused the manager of the hotel to remind him of the "house rules."

Angered at what he considered the too officious tone of the manager, Stratton ignored the protest and was ordered out of the hotel.

"I'll go," he shouted, "but I'll own this 'shack' some day and put you out."

The Brown estate, of which the palace was part, needed \$625,000 soon afterwards and Stratton's was the money loaned, through a broker, and one of the terms the lender insisted on was that the manager of the hotel whose "offense" still rankled with the millionaire, would have to be dismissed.

He was, and when the Brown property was sold to wind up the estate, the administrator of the Stratton estate bought in the hotel for \$850,000.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

D. HILL

JONESBORO, TENNESSEE

Manufacturer of

Rough and Dressed Lumber

Mouldings, Brackets, Newels

TURNED WORK A SPECIALTY

Parties in need of Building Material will save money by corresponding with me. I have ready to cut to order on short notice the following timber:

2500 feet best yellow locust and cedar poles, any size or length; also pickets, railing and base.

500,000 feet of framing of the following kinds of timber—red, white and chestnut oak and yellow pine, up to 25 feet in length; also flooring, ceiling, siding and finishing lumber.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.



YOUR CLOTHES

Will be washed and ironed as carefully at this

LAUNDRY

As if they were done up in your own home. We pride ourselves on the uniformly fine work we do. One trial will convince you of the superiority of this Laundry.

JOHNSON Steam Laundry

140 East Market Street.

R. K. WILLIAMS & CO., Proprietors.

Phone 168 or stop the Red Wagon

Established 1897.

DULANEY & LEWIS, Agents.

INSURANCE.

Fire, Life, Plate Glass, Boiler, Burglar and Employers Liability;

ACCIDENT AND HEALTH

on the monthly pay plan.

REAL ESTATE.

CITY AND FARM PROPERTY.

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED.

RENTS, LOANS, INVESTMENTS.

MERCANTILE STOCKS FOR SALE.

All business on commission basis.

See us before you decide.

Office: 4 and 5, Armbrust-Smith Bldg.

Spring Street. Phone No. 44.

City Barber Shop.

Run by first-class white workmen. We want and are trying to elevate the Barber Profession in Johnson City. Come and see us.

Patronize your own Color and help those that are deserving of your patronage.

Yours respectfully,

Hamach, Beals & Dyer, Proprietors.

Corner Main and Buffalo Streets.

GRIP-IT:

the cold-cure that does the work in 8 hours, and will not make you sick. Try it.